

DEATH THREAT TO STOLEN GIRL ALL SAVED FROM SINKING STEAMER

WEATHER—Rain (to-night) Thursday cloudy.

NIGHT EDITION

The



World

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LINER DIMOCK TAKES PASSENGERS OFF THE SINKING HORATIO HALL

Steamers Crashed in Fog, One Is Sent to Bottom Near Handkerchief Shoals, and Other, With the Survivors, Runs Aground.

As the result of a collision which occurred in a dense fog this morning at 8 o'clock somewhere off the east end of Nantucket, the Maine Steamship Company's liner Horatio Hall was sinking fast this afternoon near the Handkerchief Shoals, with the revenue cutter Androscoogin standing by her and the big freighter. The H. F. Dimock, which rammed the passenger boat, had, after rescuing the passengers and crew of the Hall, blundered ashore near Chatham, Mass., while trying to make port in a damaged condition.

A feature of the accident was the six-hour search which several Government vessels made in the fog that hung over the reef-dotted New England coast after the first fragmentary tidings of the wreck had been flashed shoreward from electric apparatus on the stove-in and foundering Hall. Not until 2 o'clock was the Hall definitely located.

A little later news came that an unknown vessel had been beached half a mile south of the Orleans Life-Saving Station, below Chatham. This ship was at first believed to be a Clyde liner. A few minutes later it was learned, through the life-savers, that this ship was really the Dimock, having in her second ship in one day, and that she had on board the ten passengers and all the crew of the Hall, the latter vessel having been abandoned by all hands immediately after the collision, when she seemed to be about to go down.

At 3:30 o'clock a telegram from Chatham to The Evening World stated that eleven persons, including the ten passengers of the Hall and one of the officers of the Dimock, had just been brought ashore by the Orleans life-savers.

Heavy Sea Rolling.

Whether or not the Dimock was in serious plight could not be learned. A heavy sea was rolling; the wind blew strongly from the southeast. There was a vague rumor that one boat from the Orleans station had been swamped in an effort to reach the grounded freighter. Actual details of the collision which put both boats in such a fix were still lacking.

The Horatio Hall, worth \$500,000, was on her way from Portland to New York with ten passengers aboard. The Dimock, which belongs to the Metropolitan line, was bound from New York to Boston.

The place of collision was not far from where the White Star liner Republic was lost a few weeks ago in the most spectacular collision in years. As in the case of the Republic, it was the wireless that carried the first tidings of to-day's collision and there is a further coincidence in the fact that the cutter Gresham, which stood by the Republic so nobly, was the first to the rescue to-day.

After the whole morning had been spent in efforts by the Gresham and several other ships to locate the two boats, word finally came to the New York offices of the Maine Steamship Company saying at 1 P. M. to-day that the Hall was ashore off the east end of Nantucket and about five miles out of her regular course. Officials of the company at once decided to start this afternoon for Great Point on the steamer Red Star, to arrange for floating the sunken ship. One of the Chapman Company's wrecking tugs also started for the spot.

The first definite word was followed by a wireless message to the offices of the United Wireless Company saying that the revenue cutter Androscoogin had found the Hall in a sinking condition off Handkerchief Shoals and wanted immediate help. The revenue cutter at that time was standing by the damaged steamer. It was not known then that the passengers had already been taken off the Hall by the Dimock.

Government Vessels to Aid.

The United wireless people reported at 2:30 that the Hall had been definitely located just outside Martha's Vineyard, or the sea side of Handkerchief Shoals. Several government craft, including the scout cruiser Albatross, and the Gresham were then speeding toward her. On the heels of this news came telling of

ETHEL BARRYMORE SOON TO WED SON OF MILLIONAIRE

Actress Acknowledges Her Engagement to Russell Griswold Colt.



ETHEL BARRYMORE
Copyright Frank Scott Clark Co.

(Special to The Evening World.)
BOSTON, March 10.—Miss Ethel Barrymore, the actress, to-day confirmed the published report of her engagement to Mr. Russell Griswold Colt. While the wedding may take place within the next week, she said, no definite date has been set.

That is all that the actress would say on the subject.

Wedding Plans Secret.

Col. Samuel Colt, the Rhode Island multi-millionaire, whose son, Russell Griswold Colt, is reported to have won Miss Barrymore, has been in New York for some time. He is reported to have been in New York for some time. He is reported to have been in New York for some time.

The first story of the beautiful actress's engagement came from Boston last night and was a great surprise to the theatre-going public in New York. Many times she has been reported en-

NEWARK PRIEST SHOT DOWN BY FOUR ASSASSINS

Rev. Father Anson and House- keeper Shot Down in St. Stanislaus's Rectory.

SERVANT IS DYING.

On Her Story Former Trustee and Policeman With Three Others Are Arrested.

The Rev. Father Erasmus Anson, assistant rector of the big St. Stanislaus Roman Catholic Church, on Belmont avenue, Newark, was shot to death by four assassins this morning while he sat at breakfast in the rectory after saying early mass.

Mrs. Antonia Salesta, housekeeper of the rectory, who was serving the priest, was also shot and mortally wounded. All the slayers escaped.

As a result of an ante-mortem statement made by Mrs. Salesta the Newark police made four arrests this afternoon. The prisoners are Alexander Sendoroski, a former policeman and former trustee of the church; Michael Poluch, John Kobowski and Stanislaus Yusek. They were all arrested in their homes in the "Hill" section of Newark, near the church, and although protesting their innocence, were locked up as suspicious persons.

The slaying was done at 7:30 o'clock. The Rev. Father Masnetki had gone into the church to say the later mass. Between two and three hundred parishioners were in the church and heard the fusillade of shots poured at their victims by the assassins.

Four Assassins Seen.

Passersby and dwellers across the way from the rectory noticed four muffled, slouch-hatted men go up the steps of the rectory a few minutes after the rector and two of his acolytes were seen proceeding toward the rear entrance of the church.

Whether or not the murderers forced their way into the rectory or were admitted by the housekeeper has not been ascertained. The killing, however, was done in the dining room and the position in which the body of the priest and the senseless form of Mrs. Salesta were found showed they had been shot while standing by the table, the housekeeper while she held a tray of breakfast things in her hand.

Shots Give the Alarm.

The priest's body was riddled with bullets. The housekeeper was shot in the head, arms and neck. The report of half a dozen shots was his warning the rector had of his assassin's peril. He stopped instantly in his services and there was a commotion among the parishioners. The shrill scream of the housekeeper broke out of the succession of shots. Then there was more firing, followed by the clatter of running feet.

As Father Masnetki and a dozen of his parishioners rushed out of the church toward the rectory, the four assassins emerged from the door, lodged into an alley and darted away through the thick fog that hung over the neighborhood. Incoherent cries of "Murder!" "Help!" "Police!" in several tongues rang from every side. By the time a policeman arrived a great throng had gathered about the rectory.

Woman Names Man.

The police summoned an ambulance from the Belmont hospital and the priest and wounded woman were carried to it before an effort was made to discover that the priest was already dead. His body was taken to the hospital and thence back to the rectory. Mrs. Salesta was revived at St. Barnabas' Hospital by the heroic treatment on the part of the surgeons. She made an ante-mortem statement, with great difficulty and the police are authority for the statement that she mentioned one of the men under arrest by name.

The priest was shot four times. The bullets which inflicted the wounds are of two different calibers, three being of .38 and one of .32. This shows that at least two of the assassins fired at him. The theory the police are working on is that of revenge as the result of a church fight which has been going on since last summer, when Father Anson came to Newark from Paterson. He succeeded Father Masnetki, who went on a trip to Europe, and immediately, it is alleged, supplanted some of Father Masnetki's friends in the management of church affairs. Two trustees were replaced by new men from Paterson, and the church organist, Miss Antonina Sewigtycka, who has served for several years, was discharged. From that time there have been two factions in the church, and the feeling between them has been bitter. The men under arrest are alleged to be connected with the faction opposed to Father Anson. Father Anson was connected with St. Stephen's Church, in Paterson.

MR. ROOSEVELT HANGS TO STRAP ON WAY TO WORK

Experiences Other Joys of Elbowed and Toe-Tram- pled Commuter.

BUCKS THE RUSH LINE.

Makes Way for Girl He Es- corts and Then Goes at Job of Real Editor.

"I am a private citizen of the private kind," declared Editor Roosevelt to-day, when he received a flying squadron of reporters in his sanctum in the big suite of offices occupied by The Outlook, in the United Charities Building.

The former President was dictating to three stenographers at the same time, writing a letter, and talking to one of his fellow editors, when he paused to greet the reporters. He shook the reporters by the hand, all round, smiled enthusiastically, and then announced, with a brief Maxim volley of words, that for a whole flock of camels to pass through the eye of an infinitesimal needle will be pie compared to the task of interviewing him on any subject.

"I am a very, very busy man," he wound up, "and I can only repeat again that I cannot be interviewed." There he bowed the reporters out and resumed the ardors of his new editorial duties.

Citizen Roosevelt, Straphanger.
Mr. Roosevelt had more than a strenuous trip from Oyster Bay to his sanctum. He arrived there via Douglas Robinson's home, where he was met with a taxicab by Dr. Lyman Abbott. It was in getting to his brother-in-law's home, however, that he tasted some of the sweets of private citizenship, to wit: Was loaded and onto a jammed, fog-bound ferryboat.

Was swirled, elbowed, mildly cursed and trampled, as to toes, in getting off the ferryboat.

Joined a centre rush for a cross-town trolley car and was spun twice. Finally broke his way into the car. Experienced the simple state of a compressed sardine in car.

Did a short tour of strap-hanging, rubbing elbows with malefactors of great wealth and honest artisans.

Arrived safely at the Robinson mansion, declaring that he had had a corking time, &c.

Delighted in the Crush.

In the midst of these adventures the former Chief Executive of the nation was slightly hampered from solving individual traffic problems in his usual vigorous manner by having to act as escort for a very charming young woman, Miss Cornelia Langdon, a friend of Miss Ethel Barrymore.

The former President and Miss Langdon left Oyster Bay on an early train, arriving in Long Island City when the fog was as thick as New Orleans molasses.

By the time Mr. Roosevelt left the train the ferryboat was taxed almost to its capacity. Mr. Roosevelt entered the women's cabin with Miss Langdon. He had to cut out a way for his young companion, and the slight exertion delighted him. He was smiling, with all the Roosevelt ivories in full play, as he gained access to the cabin.

Half a dozen men, recognizing the Roosevelt smile, leaped to their feet and offered Miss Langdon a seat. They also wanted Citizen Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay, to sit down, but he scorned the offer, though acknowledging the courtesies with some smiles.

Shouldered Crush Vigorously.

When the ferryboat had negotiated the fog, there was a pell mell rush to disembark. A less stately built citizen might have experienced some discomfort in breasting the rush. But Roosevelt cast impulsive crowds from his wide shoulders as if they had been autumn leaves.

Few recognized him in the press, and he had to fight his way through. He acquitted himself valiantly and bore along his young companion with a vigorous sweep. Boarding the trolley car, however, he found the wedge of humanity tighter and his person far from inviolate.

Still, he seemed to enjoy the experience and his smile was as broad and warm as ever when he draped himself on a strap and hung there until the car reached Madison avenue. There he left the car with a bound, helped Miss Langdon down and proceeded swiftly to the home of Mr. Robinson.

Citizen Roosevelt remained at his brother-in-law's home only long enough to shake hands all around and have a good laugh over his trip to the city.

Girl Who Moved Court to Tears as She Told Story of Her Abduction



CATHERINE LOERCH.

U. S. PAID \$32,400 FOR DOCTORS TO ATTEND M'KINLEY

Details of Expenditure, Hidden Seven Years, Now Revealed.

(By United Press.)

After seven years it is now possible to obtain the details of the expenditures made in connection with the last illness and death of President McKinley, which have been so carefully covered up that even the auditing officials of the Government have known only approximately how the \$32,400 appropriated by Congress was expended.

The object of this great secrecy was to avoid a repetition of the extreme unpleasantness which followed the illness and death of President Garfield, and to prevent a discussion of the character of the several claims. With this end in view the three closest friends of the dead President, the late United States Senator Mark Hanna, Secretary George B. Cortelyou and John G. Milburn, the Buffalo lawyer, now of New York, at whose house the President died, formed themselves into a committee to handle the entire matter. The committee acted with such care, however, that they came near defeating their own plans, as one of the men in the case, whose bill was held up nearly a year, placed his claim in the hands of a lawyer, and there were threats of a suit. This, however, was avoided by Mr. Milburn, who then wrote to Secretary Shaw as follows:

Doctors Complained of Delay.

"The doctors are complaining about their claims in the McKinley case. Will you not facilitate the payment? I suppose they are all practically liquidated through the action of Senator Hanna, myself. I should not like the Treasury to take any position now which would affect what we did or cause any controversy."

This letter, written in August, 1902, was followed by the prompt payment of all of the claims that were sent to the Treasury Department, although Senator Hanna is declared to have paid an amount, estimated as fully equal to that aid by the Government, out of his own pocket, so that there would be no record of the payments.

Of the money finally paid by the Treasury Department these sums were paid to physicians and surgeons:

Dr. Matthew D. Mann, Buffalo, \$10,000
Dr. Herman M. Miller, Buffalo, 6,000
Dr. Charles M. Hurd, New York, 5,000
Dr. Russell P. K. Buffalo, 3,000
Dr. Charles G. Stockton, Buffalo, 1,500
Dr. E. G. Janeway, New York, 1,500
Dr. Herman G. Mattinger, Buffalo, 1,500
Dr. V. N. Johnson, Washington, 500
Dr. Edward Lee, 500
Dr. John F. McNamee, 500
Dr. Harvey R. Day, 500
Dr. S. W. Wilson, 500
Dr. G. McK. Hall, 500
Dr. Edward G. Mann, 500

Grand total for physicians and surgeons \$32,400

JEFFRIES SPURNS CHALLENGE FROM NEGRO CHAMPION

Grinds Under His Heel the Def. Handed Him by Fighter's Lawyer.

(By United Press.)

"Excuse me, Mr. Jeffries," said Frank Wheaton, a negro lawyer, stepping up to the former champion heavyweight on the bridge of the West Side Police Court to-day, "but I desire to present you with this on behalf of my client, Mr. John Johnson, champion heavyweight pugilist of the world."

"What the—what the—what's all this?" asked Jeffries, taking a formidable looking typewritten document.

"Excuse me, Mr. Jeffries," said the lawyer, "I'd like you to read it."

Jeffries, who was in court to answer a summons calling him to show cause why his show in the London Square Theatre should not be prohibited as a boxing match, unfolded the paper and read it. As he read his face hardened. This is what he read:

"Mr. James J. Jeffries:
"Dear Sir—My client, Mr. John Johnson, the world's heavyweight champion, desires me to inform you that he will be glad to meet you at my office, No. 35 West Fifty-fourth street, to complete arrangements for a contest between the champion and yourself."

Respectfully,
"FRANK WHEATON."

Jeffries turned a look upon the bespectacled lawyer that made that individual instantly take two paces to the rear. Then the big fighter rolled the communication up in a ball, dropped it on the floor and stood on it, grinding it with his heel. He refused to notice Wheaton after that.

This was an incident in a somewhat exciting time around the West Side Police Court. The news that Jeffries was to appear there had spread around the city and the courtroom was so jammed an hour ahead of the time of opening that the doors were shut and barred. A great mob struggled on the sidewalk and in the corridors and out in the street.

Jeffries was greeted with applause as he appeared with his sparring partner, Sam Berger, and Edward Everett Bagge and Al Davis (not incorporated), representing William Morris (the) Mackinac Harbor as on the bench and greeted the pugilistic celebrity with a friendly nod.

The charge was that Jeffries and Berger were to have a sparring match on the state property to law. George Levens, clerk, ordered for William Morris (the) expanded to the magistrate that the act in which the two pugilists appear is not a contest, but a exhibition, furthermore, it is such a written by a perfect lady.

Magistrate Harris decided that this exhibition does not constitute a violation of the law as laid down in the Penal Code section No. 145. Jeffries and Berger were accordingly discharged, and all would have been lively but for the activities of Mr. Wheaton on behalf of Jack Johnson.

DRAMATIC TALE TOLD AT JANER'S TRIAL FOR LIFE BY STOLEN GIRL

Spectators in Tears as Little Catherine Loerch Described Her Treatment at Hands of the Man Who Abducted Her.

THREATENED WITH DEATH IF SHE BETRAYED HIM.

Stood Over Her and Dictated Letter to Mother, Which Told of Whereabouts—Prisoner Puts Life in Judge's Hands by Waiving Jury.

(Special to The Evening World.)

TOWSON, Md., March 10.—Seated between the two judges who will have the power to inflict the death penalty upon Joseph M. Janer, of Brooklyn, if he is found guilty, eleven-year-old Catherine Loerch detailed at length to-day the indignities to which she was subjected by the prisoner. The attorney of the State omitted no item that would add to the effect of the story told by the little girl. As she detailed her experiences the faces of the judges twitched with emotion and many of the spectators were moved to tears.

CIRCUS RIDING STOPS RUNAWAY; SAVES MANY LIVES

O'Neill Leaps to Horse's Back and Checks Team That Ran Down Women.

Stories of women and children who were directly in the path of a runaway team on Liberty street this afternoon owe their lives to the acrobatic feat performed by Joseph O'Neill, driver of the Hudson Street Hospital ambulance, who leaped to the back of one of the horses and brought the pair to a standstill at the gates of the Jersey Central ferryhouse.

As it was, Mrs. Annie Mooney and Miss Hattie Tyson, both of Jersey City, were struck by one of the fleeing horses and knocked to the sidewalk. Mrs. Mooney was badly shaken and received several contusions of the body. Miss Tyson was carried unconscious into the ferryhouse, where she was soon revived. Mrs. Mooney refused to go to a hospital, but was taken home in a carriage.

The runaway team, belonging to the Brooklyn Express Company, was standing in front of a store on Green street when one of the horses took fright and started dragging his mate. They turned into Liberty street, which was crowded with teams and persons.

O'Neill, who was off duty and on his way to the ferry, made a dive for the bridle of one of the horses. As he seized it he was dragged, dangling, fifty feet before he could regain his footing. When he did, however, he sprang landed to the back of one of the horses and, clutching the reins, was able to guide the team in and out of the maze of traffic. He stopped the horses without further mishap, and then took stock of his damages.

His clothes were nearly torn from his back and his wrist was badly sprained. He continued his journey to Jersey City, but not before Mrs. Mooney told him she intended to exert her influence to procure for him a Carnegie medal.

THE SONG CAROLUS SINGS.
The words and music of "Heavenly Aids," as sung by Caruso in Verdi's opera, "Aida," at the Metropolitan Opera House, will be given with next Sunday's World.

The courtroom was crowded and crowds outside tried in vain to gain admission. Towson is noted as having been the scene of more trials for offenses against women and girls than any other place in Maryland. Baltimore county, of which Towson is the county seat, has legally not to death more men convicted of such crimes than any other county in this part of the United States, and probably in the whole country.

Janer's trial is being held here because, when he was indicted in Baltimore, he feared the vengeance of the people and asked for a change of venue. The court promptly assigned the case to Towson, and Janer is occupying a place in the courtroom from which many men similarly accused have been led forth to the scaffold.

Makes Her Testimony Stinger.

The little Loerch girl told of how Janer first came to the home of her father in Brooklyn, related the various steps by which he gained her confidence and then told of the abduction preceding the crimes committed in Baltimore. Janer's counsel, Mr. Clark, cross-examined vigorously, but could not shake the child's testimony—in fact he strengthened it in spots.

For instance the lawyer sought to have the girl admit that she had made no complaint of the treatment to which she was subjected by Janer at the places where they stopped. She frankly admitted this. But she added that she kept quiet because she was in mortal fear of Janer, who had warned her that he would kill her if she betrayed him.

She swore that Janer stood over her and dictated the letter which she wrote to her mother, in which she referred to the possibility of the mother joining her and Janer in Baltimore as soon as Loerch should die. She said that if Janer had not dictated the letter she would have written her mother the full truth.

The crowd listened with breathless attention to the story of the girl, who wore the cheap little dress and hat she had when Janer took her from her home in Brooklyn. Now and again either Judge Burke or Judge Duncan, constituting the Court, would question her with the intention of helping her over a mass of detail in which she showed signs of becoming entangled.

Denial His Defense.

The defense is an absolute denial of the charges made by the Loerch girl. Counsel for Janer will attempt to prove that the crimes charged could not have been committed. Janer's wife appeared unexpectedly in Towson this morning, but did not see her husband until the noon recess of the court. She was not in the courtroom to attend to the story told by Catherine Loerch.

At the outset Janer was not to say whether or not he would stand trial before a jury or the Court, with Judges Burke and Duncan on the bench. Mr. Clark replied he would take a trial be-

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